Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew I tried
Stitch sew you're alive

Hah hah
Hah hah
Hah hah
Hah hah

80 degrees, hemmed by reveries
Iron out saudade and wrinkles unfold
Off-grain fabric tells a different tale
Tailored frequencies need to be repaired

7AM is when the station plays its sounds
Listening to the speaker while the patterns pin into place
Scissors separate the yellow from the white
Good morning, small-town listeners

Thimbles coat my fingers
Feed dogs are jamming up
The thread comes in tangles
I see such pretty things

FM comes in different colors, I believe
In the sewing machine, I've lost myself
Memories inside my heart are there to grieve
Color-coded by the love he gave to me

Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?
Every day, it feels like seams are more than torn

Buttoned patchwork, thread that's tied in knots
Hand-sew everything with kind intention
Liquid sound waves pour from my eyes
My heart cries out to you in desperation
7AM is when the station plays its sounds
Listening to the speaker while the patterns sew into place
Unmistakably, he'll return alive
His colors ought to show again

Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
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No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white
No – blue and green and yellow and red

These aren't the colors i should see

FM comes in different colors, I believe
In the sewing machine, I've lost myself
Memories inside my heart are there to grieve
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Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?
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